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SHAKESPEARE. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. LOND. 1600.
C.12

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The moſt excellent Hiſtorie of the *Merchant of Venice*.

With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the ſayd Merchant, in cutting a iuſt pound of his fleſh: and the obtayning of *Portia* by the choyſe of three cheſts.

As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be ſold in Paules Church-yard, at the
ſigne of the Greene Dragon.
1600.

The comicall Hiſtory of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter *Anthonio, Salaryno,* and *Salanio.*

An. IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me, you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and ſuch a want-wit ſadnes makes of mee,
That I haue much adoe to know my ſelfe.

Salarino. Your minde is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portlie ſayle
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curſie to them do them reuerence
As they flie by them with theyr wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue mee ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroade. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the wind,
Piring in Maps for ports, and peers and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Miſ-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
vvould blow me to an ague when I thought
vvhat harme a winde too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie howre-glaſſe runne
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes and of flatts,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand

Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kiſſe her buriall; ſhould I goe to Church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
vvhich touching but my gentle veſſels ſide
vvould ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lack the thought
That ſuch a thing bechaunc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath framd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of ſuch vinigar aſpect,
That theyle not ſhew theyr teeth in way of ſmile
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter *Baſſanio*, *Lorenſo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sola. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne buſines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſigniors both when ſhal we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Sal. Weele make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we muſt meete.

Baſſ. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much reſpect vpon the world:
They looſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailouſly changd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where euery man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come.
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandſire, cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies
By beeing peeuiſh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that ſpeakes:
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Doe creame and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And doe a wilful ſtilnes entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſedome, grauitie, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of theſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe

For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares
vvhich hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me ſpeake.

Gra. Well keepe me company but two yeeres moe
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

An. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neates togue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*

An. It is that any thing now.

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all Venice, his reaſons are as two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the ſearch.

An. VVell, tell me now what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecrete pilgrimage
That you to day promiſd to tell me of.

Baſſ. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
vvherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the moſt in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purpoſes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
vvithin the eye of honour, be aſſurd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe ſame flight
The ſelfe ſame way, with more aduiſed watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proofe
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is loſt, but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
vvhich you did ſhoote the firſt, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

An. You know me well, and heerein ſpend but time
To wind about my loue with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong
In making queſtion of my vttermoſt
Then if you had made waſt of all I haue:
Then doe but ſay to me what I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt vnto it: therefore ſpeake.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, ſometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
vvhich makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,

And many *Iasons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commoditie
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That ſhall be rackt euen to the vttermoſt
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire and ſo will I
vvhere money is, and I no queſtion make
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with her wayting woman *Nerriſſa*.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is awearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame aboundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfeite with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no meane happines therfore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces, it is a good diuine that followes his owne inſtructions, I can eaſier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe mee a husband, ô mee the word chooſe, I may neyther chooſe who I would, nor refuſe who I diſlike, ſo is the will of a lyuing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not hard?

Nerriſſa.

Nerriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your Father was euer vertuous, and holy men at theyr death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lottrie that he hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning chooſes you, will no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightlie, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towardes any of theſe Princelie ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I thats a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. Hee doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, & you will not haue me, chooſe, he heares merry tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will prooue the weeping Philoſopher when hee growes old, beeing ſo full of vnmannerly ſadnes in his youth,) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to eyther of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, he falls ſtraght a capring, he will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, *I* would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnes, *I* ſhall neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England?

Por. You know *I* ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor *I* him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor *I*talian, & you will come into the Court and ſweare that *I* haue a poore penny-

worth in the Englifh : hee is a proper mans picture, but alas vvho can conuerfe with a dumbe fhow ? how odly hee is futed, *I* thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hofe in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie. and his behauiour euery where.

Nerriſſa. What thinke you of the Scottifh Lorde his neighbour ?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englifhman , and fwore hee would pay him againe when he was able : *I* think the Frenchman became his furetie, and feald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew ?

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is fober , and moft vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke : when he is beſt, he is a little worfe then a man, & when he is worſt he is little better then a beaſt, and the worſt fall that euer fell , I hope I fhall make fhift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee fhoulde offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Caſket, you fhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you fhould refuſe to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worſt, *I* pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reyniſhe vvine on the contrarie Casket, for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will chooſe it . I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere *I* will be married to a ſpunge.

Nerriſſa. You neede not feare Ladie the hauing anie of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home, and to trouble you with no more ſute, vnleſſe you may be wonne by ſome other fort thē your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, *I* will die as chaſt as Diana, vnleſſe I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will : I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but *I* doate on his very abſence: & *I* pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerriſſa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marqueſſe of Mountferrat ?

Portia.

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke ſo was he calld.

Ner. True maddam , hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Ladie.

Portia. *I* remember him well, and *I* remember him worthie of thy prayſe.

How nowe, vvhat newes ?

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſeeke for you maddam to take theyr leaue : and there is a fore-runner come from a fift , the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maiſter will be heere to night.

Por. Yf *I* could bid the fift welcome with ſo good hart as *I* can bid the other foure farewell, *I* ſhould bee glad of his approch : if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a deuill, I had rather he ſhould ſhriue mee then wiue mee. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra goe before : whiles we ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Baſſanio* with *Shylocke* the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. *I* ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which as I told you,
Anthonio ſhalbe bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me ? Will you pleaſure me ?
Shall *I* know your aunſwere.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your aunſwere to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shylocke. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand mee that hee is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition : hee hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, hee hath a third at Mexico , a fourth for England,

 and

and other ventures he hath squandred abroade, but ships are but boordes, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, *I* meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, *I* thinke *I* may take his bond.

Bas. Be assurd you may.

Iew. *I* will be assurd *I* may: and that *I* may bee assured, *I* will bethinke mee, may *I* speake with *Anthonio*?

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarit coniured the deuill into: *I* wil buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but *I* will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter *Anthonio.*

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in Venice.
Yf *I* can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the auncient grudge *I* beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-wone thrift,
which hee calls interrest: Cursed be my Tribe
if *I* forgiue him.

Bass. *Shyloch*, doe you heare.

Shyl. *I* am debating of my present store,
And by the neere geesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that,
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Shylocke

An. *Shylocke*, albeit *I* neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
*I*le breake a custome: is hee yet possest
How much ye would?

Shy. *I*, *I*, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. *I* had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. *I* doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* grazd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; *I*, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interrest?

Shyl. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did,
VVhen *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being ranck
*I*n end of Autume turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these wolly breeders in the act,
The skilful sheepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deede of kind
He stuck them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colourd lambs, and those were *Iacobs.*
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

An. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashiond by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interrest good?
Or is your gold and siluer ewes and rammes?

Shy.

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faſt,
but note me ſignior.
Anth. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The deuill can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witnes
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the hart.
O what a goodly out-ſide falſhood hath.
Shy. Three thouſand ducats, tis a good round ſumme.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, manie a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my moneyes and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my Iewiſh gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, moneyes is your ſute.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A curre can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humblenes
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpèt on me on Wedneſday laſt,
You ſpurnd me ſuch a day another time,
You calld me dogge: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.
Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee to.
Yf thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breede for barraine mettaile of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penaltie.
Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtaind me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyte
Of vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.
Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.
Shyl. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merrie ſport
if you repay me not on ſuch a day
in ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
expreſt in the condition, let the forfaite
be nominated for an equall pound
of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
in what part of your bodie pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content infaith, yle ſeale to ſuch a bond,
and ſay there is much kindnes in the Iew.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
An. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
vvithin theſe two months, thats a month before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
the thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
if he ſhould breake his day what ſhould I gaine
by the exaction of the forfeyture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
as fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay

To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yf he wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

And hedgd me by his wit to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtoode as faire
As any comm'er I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlewe the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince
That wone three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke:
Out-braue the hart moſt daring on the earth:
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with greeuing.
Portia. You muſt take your chaunce,
And eyther not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiſ'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chaunce.
Portia. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men.
Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to runne from this Iewe my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*,

or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legges, take the ſtart, runne away, my conſcience ſayes no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to mee: my honeſt friend *Launcelet* beeing an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kinde of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile wel, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be ruld by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the deuill himſelfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile mee to ſtay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maiſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maiſter Iewes?

Launcelet. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confuſions with him.

Gobbo. Maiſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maiſter Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes houſe.

Gobbo. Be Gods ſonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me

mee whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, nowe will I raiſe the waters; talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maiſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launce. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant pleaſe your maiſterſhip.

Launce. Ergo Maiſter *Launcelet*, talke not of maiſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates and deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch braunches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launcelet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy G O D reſt his ſoule aliue or dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbo. Alack ſir I am ſand blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might fayle of the knowing mee: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your ſonne, giue mee your bleſſing, trueth will come to light, muder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be ſworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my philhorſe haſe on his taile.

Launce. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am ſure hee had more haire of his taile, then I haue of my face when I loſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I haue brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to runne away, ſo I will not reſt till I haue runne ſome ground; my Maiſter's a very Iewe, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maiſter *Baſſanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I ſerue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I ſerue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with a follower or two.*

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerue.

Lau. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, *I* ſerue the Iewe, & haue a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maiſter and he (ſauing your worſhips reuerence) are ſcarce catercoſins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iewe hauing done me wrong, dooth cauſe me as my Father being I hope an old man ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow vppon your worſhip, and my ſute is.

Lau. In very briefe, the ſute is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhall knowe by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtaind thy ſute,
Shylocke thy Maiſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my Maiſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you haue the grace of God ſir, and hee hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well; goe Father with thy Sonne
Take leaue of thy old Maiſter, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Lyuerie
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I haue nere a tong in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to ſweare vpon a booke, I ſhall haue good fortune; goe too, heere's a ſimple lyne of life, heeres a ſmall tryfle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, heere are ſimple ſcapes: vvell, if Fortune be a woman ſhe's a good wench for this gere: Father come, ile take my leaue of the Iewe in

the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſt, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beſt endeuours ſhall be done heerein. *Exit Leonardo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Maiſter.

Leonar. Yonder ſir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Baſſanio.*

Baſſ. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue ſute to you.

Baſſ. You haue obtaind it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why then you muſt but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne; why there they ſhow
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wild behauiour
I be miſconſtred in the place I goe to,
And looſe my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Baſſanio,* heare me,
Yf I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillity
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Baſſ. No that were pitty,

I would

I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but far you well,
I haue ſome buſines.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica *and the Clowne.*

Ieſſica. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry deuill
Didſt rob it of ſome taſt of tediouſnes,
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Launcelet,* ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenſo, who is thy new Maiſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iewe, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, *I* am much deceaued; but adiew, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomthing drowne my manly ſpirit: adiew.

Ieſſica. Farwell good *Launcelet.*
Alack, what heynous ſinne is it in me
To be aſhamed to be my Fathers child,
But though *I* am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners: ô *Lorenſo*
Yf thou keepe promiſe *I* ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenſo, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gratia. We haue not made good preparation.

Salari. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Solanio. Tis vile vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two houres

To

To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* whats the newes. *Enter Launcelet.*

Launcelet. And it ſhal pleaſe you to breake vp this, it ſhal ſeeme to ſignifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ.

Gratia. Loue, newes in faith.

Launce. By your leaue ſir.

Loren. Whither goeſt thou.

Launc. Marry ſir to bid my old Maiſter the *Iewe* to ſup to night with my new Maiſter the Chriſtian.

Loren. Hold heere take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*.
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuatly,
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*

Sal. *I* marry, ile be gone about it ſtraite.

Sol. And ſo will *I*.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe ſo. *Exit.*

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*.

Loren. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhe hath in readines,
Yf ere the Iewe her Father come to heauen,
Yt will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iewe:
Come goe with me, perуſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iewe. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize

As thou haſt done with mee: vvhat *Ieſſica*,
and ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparraile out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.

Clowne. Why *Ieſſica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.

Clow. Your vvorſhip was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter *Ieſſica*.

Ieſſica. Call you? vvhat is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my keyes: but wherefore ſhould I goe?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
looke to my houſe, *I* am right loth to goe,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beſeech you ſir goe, my young Maiſter doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So doe *I* his.

Clowne. And they haue conſpired together, *I* vvill not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in thafternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme
and the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fiffe
clamber not you vp to the caſements then
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, *I* meane my caſements,
let not the ſound of ſhallow fopprie enter
my ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
but *I* will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
ſay *I* will come.

Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
vvill be worth a Iewes eye.

Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha.

Iessica. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
more then the vvild-cat: drones hiue not with me,
therefore *I* part with him. and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to wast
his borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
perhaps *I* will returne immediathe,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, *Gratiano* and *Salerino.*

Grat. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
desired vs to make stand.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgions flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vvith that keene appetite that he sits downe?
vvhere is the horse that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbated fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chased then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay
hugd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

vvith ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged sailes
leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter *Lorenzo.*

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires haue made you waite:
vvhen you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whose within?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.

Iessica. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I so much? and now who knowes
but you *Lorenzo* whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.

Ies. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much ashamde of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
for if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
to see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames,
they in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discouery loue,
and I should be obscurd.

Lor. So are you sweet
euen in the louely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night doth play the runaway,
and we are staid for at *Bassanios* feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores & guild my selfe
with some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hoode a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshrow me but I loue her hartilie,

For ſhe is wiſe, if *I* can iudge of her,
and faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proou'd herſelfe:
And therefore like herſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
ſhall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. Enter *Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhoſe there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about
Baſſanio preſently will goe abord,
I haue ſent twentie out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad ont, I deſire no more delight
then to be vnderſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines and diſcouer
the ſeuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if *I* doe chooſe the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you chooſe that, then *I* am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions, back againe,
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

doe

doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the ſiluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhal get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues, pauſe there *Morocho,*
and weigh thy valew with an euen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation
thou dooſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing
vvere but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as *I* deſerue, why thats the Ladie.
I doe in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then theſe, in loue *I* doe deſerue,
vvhat if *I* ſtraid no farther, but choſe heere?
Lets ſee once more this ſaying grau'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why thats the Ladie, all the world deſires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſarts, and the vaſtie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire *Portia.*
The waterie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come
as ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia.*
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
*I*ſt like that leade containes her, twere damnation
to thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
to ribb her ſeercloth in the obſcure graue,
Or ſhall I thinke in ſiluer ſhees immurd
beeing tenne times vndervalewed to tride gold,
O ſinful thought, neuer ſo rich a *I*em
vvas ſet in worſe then gold. They haue in England

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
ſtampt in gold, but thats inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold,
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your aunſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outcries raiſd the Duke,
vvho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
that in a Gondylo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica.*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
they were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sol. I neuer heard a paſsion ſo confuſd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable
as the dogge Iew did vtter in the ſtreets,
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chriſtian ducats.
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter,
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats
of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
and Iewels, two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, find the girle,
ſhee hath the ſtones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſond with a Frenchman yeſterday,
vvho told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
the French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
a veſſell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
and wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.

Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may greeue him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treades not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
of his returne: he aunſwered, doe not ſo,
ſlumber not buſines for my ſake *Baſſanio,*
but ſtay the very riping of the time,
and for the Iewes bond which he hath of me
let it not enter in your minde of loue:
be merry, and imploy your cheefeſt thoughts
to courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue
as ſhall conueniently become you there,
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
and with affection wondrous ſencible

He wrung *Baſſanios* hand, and ſo they parted.

Sol. *I* thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
vvith ſome delight or other.

Sal. Doe we ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerriſſa* and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick *I* pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election preſently.

Enter *Arrogon*, his trayne, and *Portia.*

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you chooſe that wherein I am containd
ſtraight ſhall our nuptiall rights be ſolemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more ſpeech my Lord
you muſt be gone from hence immediatly.

Arra. I am enioynd by oath to obſerue three things,
Firſt, neuer to vnfold to any one
vvhich casket twas *I* choſe; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
laſtly, if *I* doe faile in fortune of my choyſe,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To theſe iniunctions euery one doth ſweare
that comes to hazard for my worthleſſe ſelfe.

Arr. And ſo haue I addreſt me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, ſiluer, and baſe lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What ſaies the golden cheſt, ha, let me ſee,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire,
What many men deſire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that chooſe by ſhow,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet

builds

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not iumpe with common ſpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou ſiluer treaſure houſe,
Tell me once more what title thou dooſt beare;
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues,
And well ſayde to; for who ſhall goe about
To coſen Fortune, and be honourable
vvithout the ſtampe of merrit, let none preſume
To weare an vndeſerued dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
vvere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
vvere purchaſt by the merrit of the wearer,
How many then ſhould couer that ſtand bare?
How many be commaunded that commaund?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſt; well but to my choiſe.
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues,
I will aſſume deſert; giue me a key for this,
And inſtantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.

Portia. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde there.

Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Preſenting me a ſhedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deſeruings.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall haue as much as he deſerues?
Did I deſerue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deſerts no better?

Portia. To offend and iudge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Arrag. What is heere?

The fier ſeauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,

That did neuer chooſe amis,
Some there be that ſhadowes kis.
Such haue but a ſhadowes blis:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluerd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Arrag. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Paciently to beare my wroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle ſingd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles when they doe chooſe,
They haue the wiſedome by their wit to looſe.

Nerriſſ. The auncient ſaying is no heriſie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by deſtinie.

Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady.

Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?

Meſſ. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, (beſides commends and curtious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came ſo ſweete
To ſhow how coſtly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day wit in prayſing him:

Come

Come come *Nerryſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupids* Poſt that comes ſo mannerly.

Nerryſſ. *Baſſanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?

Salari. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Solanio. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plaine high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*; O that *I* had a tytle good enough to keepe his name company.

Salari. Come, the full ſtop.

Solanio. Ha, what ſayeſt thou, why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Salari. *I* would it might proue the end of his loſſes.

Solanio. Let me ſay amen betimes, leaſt the deuil croſſe my prair, for heere he comes in the likeneſs of a *Iewe*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*

Shy. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughters flight.

Salari. Thats certaine, *I* for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withall.

Solan. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salari. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne fleſh and blood to rebell.

Sola. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at theſe yeeres.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and my blood.

Salari. There is more difference betweene thy fleſh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red vvine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had any loſſe at ſea or no?

Shy. There

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vſd to come ſo ſmug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vſurer, let him looke to his bond, hee was wont to lende money for a Chriſtian curſie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am ſure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his fleſh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fiſh with all, if it will feede nothing elſe, it will feede my reuenge; hee hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reaſon, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, ſences, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame foode, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Sommer as a Chriſtian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs doe wee not laugh, if you poyſon vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs ſhall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humillity, reuenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iewe, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall goe hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maiſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Saleri. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnleſſe the deuill himſelfe turne Iewe. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Tuball.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa, haſt thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Franckford, the curſe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till nowe, two thouſand ducats in that, & other precious precious iewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why ſo? and I know not whats ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe vpon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to finde the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke to, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter ſpent in Genowa, as I heard, one night foureſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtickſt a dagger in me, I ſhall neuer ſee my gold againe, foure ſcore ducats at a ſitting, foure ſcore ducats.

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that ſweare, he cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them ſhewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou tortureſt mee *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildernes of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball* fee me an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good

Tuball, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traynes.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
Theres ſomething tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuch a quallity;
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere ſome moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will *I* neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you doe, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That *I* had beene forſworne: Beſhrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay: but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; ô theſe naughty times
puts barres betweene the owners and their rights,
And ſo though yours, not yours, (proue it ſo)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as *I* am, *I* liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
vvhat treaſon there is mingled with your loue.

Baſſ. None but that vgly treaſon of miſtruſt,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke
vvhere men enforced doe ſpeake any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.

Portia. Well then, confeſſe and liue.

Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue
had beene the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me aunſweres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſique ſound while he doth make his choyſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compariſon
may ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
and watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique than? Than muſique is
euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
vvith no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian vviues:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more diſmay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio comments on the caskets to himſelfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, replie.*

It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues,
The world is ſtill deceau'd with ornament
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. In religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
vvill bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe harts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
vvho inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
vvhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
vvhich maketh ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon ſuppoſed fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
vvhich rather threatenſt then doſt promiſe ought,
thy palenes moues me more then eloquence,
and heere chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe
for feare I ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine
ſeeme they in motion? Heere are ſeuerd lips
parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
ſhould ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden meſh t'intrap the harts of men
faſter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
and leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
the ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
in vnderpryſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heeres the ſcroule,
the continent and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chaunce as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
and hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis.

A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhoute,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
vvhether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no,
So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirmd, ſignd, ratified by you.

Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
ſuch as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh
to wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twentie times my ſelfe,
a thouſand times more faire, tenne thouſand times
more rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends
exceede account: but the full ſumme of me
is ſume of ſomething: which to terme in groſſe,
is an vnleſſond girle, vnſchoold, vnpractized,
happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
but ſhe may learne: happier then this,
ſhee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
as from her Lord, her gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire manſion, maiſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
this houſe, theſe ſeruaunts, and this ſame my ſelfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring,
vvhich when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,

onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
and there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
as after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
by a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
among the buzzing pleaſed multitude.
Where euery ſomthing beeing blent together,
turnes to a wild of nothing, ſaue of ioy
expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
ô then be bold to ſay *Baſſanios* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
that haue ſtoode by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
to cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
for I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
and when your honours meane to ſolemnize
the bargaine of your fayth: I doe beſeech you
euen at that time I may be married to.

Baſſ. With all my hart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
you ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the mayd:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my lord then you;
your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
and ſo did mine to as the matter falls:
for wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
and ſwearing till my very rough was dry
with oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
to haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
atchiu'd her miſtres.

Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, ſo you ſtand pleaſd withall.

Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good fayth?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhalbe much honored in your mariage.
Gra. Wele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhall nere win at that ſport and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
vvhat, and my old Venecian friend *Salerio?*

Enter *Lorenzo, Ieſſica,* and *Salerio* a meſſenger from Venice.

Baſſa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio,* welcome hether,
if that the youth of my newe intreſt heere
haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
ſweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
but meeting with *Salerio* by the way
he did intreate me paſt all ſaying nay
to come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
and I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in mind,
nor well, vnleſſe in mind: his letter there
vvill ſhow you his eſtate. *open the letter.*
Gra. *Nerriſſa,* cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio,* what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons,* we haue wone the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrowd contents in yond ſame paper
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſanios* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
could turne ſo much the conſtitution

of any conſtant man: what worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
and I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweete *Portia,*
heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady
when I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then *I* told you true: and yet deere Lady
rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
how much *I* was a Braggart, when I told you
my ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
that *I* was worſe then nothing; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady,
the paper as the body of my friend,
and euery word in it a gaping wound
iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*
hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and *India,*
and not one veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
the preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
hee would not take it: neuer did *I* know
a creature that did beare the ſhape of man
ſo keene and greedie to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
if they deny him iuſtice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
of greateſt port haue all perſwaded with him,

but none can driue him from the enuious plea
of forfaiture, of iuſtice, and his bond.

Ieſſi. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
to *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his country-men,
that he would rather haue *Anthonios* fleſh
then twentie times the value of the ſumme
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authoritie, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
the beſt conditiond and vnwearied ſpirit
in dooing curteſies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appeares,
then any that drawes breath in *Italie*.

Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?

Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him ſix thouſand, & deface the bond:
double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
before a friend of this diſcription
ſhall loſe a haire through *Baſſanios* fault.
Firſt goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for neuer ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
with an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
will liue as maydes and widdowes; come away,
for you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your freends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
ſince you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips haue all miſcaried, my Creditors growe cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iewe is forfaite, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and*

and I if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure, if your loue do not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O loue! diſpatch all buſines and be gone.

Baſſ. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
no bed ſhall ere be guiltie of my ſtay,
nor reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the *Iew*, and *Salerio*, and *Anthonio*,
and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercie,
this is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylock*.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I haue ſworne an oath, that I will haue my bond:
thou call'dſt me dogge before thou hadſt a cauſe,
but ſince I am a dog, beware my phanges,
the Duke ſhall graunt me iuſtice, I do wonder
thou naughtie Iaylor that thou art ſo fond
to come abroade with him at his requeſt.

An. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.

Iew. Ile haue my bond. I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull eyde foole,
to ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
to chriſtian interceſſers: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the moſt impenitrable curre
that euer kept with men.

An. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers.

hee seekes my life, his reason well *I* know;
I oft deliuerd from his forfeytures
many that haue at times made mone to me,
therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfaiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot denie the course of law:
for the commoditie that strangers haue
vvith vs in Venice, if it be denyed,
will much impeach the iustice of the state,
since that the trade and profit of the citty
consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
these griefes and losses haue so bated me
that *I* shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
to morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well Iaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
to see me pay his debt, and then *I* care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica,* and a man of *Portias.*

Lor. Maddam, although I speake it in your presence,
you haue a noble and a true conceite
of god-like amitie, which appeares most strongly
in bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
how true a gentleman you send releefe,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
then customarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuerse and wast the time together,
vvhose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue,
there must be needes a like proportion
of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
vvhich makes me thinke that this *Antonio*
beeing the bosome louer of my Lord,
must needes be like my Lord. If it be so,

how

How little is the cost I haue bestowed
in purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenso I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vowe,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne,
There is a Monastry two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
not to denie this imposition,
the which my loue and some necessity
now layes vpon you.

Loren. Madame, with all my hart,
I shall obey you in all faire commaunds.

Por. My people doe already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
in place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Iessi. *I* wish your Ladiship all harts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleasd
to wish it back on you: far you well *Iessica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and vse thou all th'indeuour of a man,
In speede to Mantua. see thou render this
into my cosin hands Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
bring them *I* pray thee with imagin'd speede
vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
vvhich trades to Venice; vvast no time in words
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speede.

Portia Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men,
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and speake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies sought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wish for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
that men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
vvhich I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a question's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore hast away,
for we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that

that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Iessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deede, so the sinnes of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Caribdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Iessica. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, in as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly haue a rasher on the coles for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Iessi. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you say, here he come?

Loren. I shall grow iealious of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Iessica. Nay, you needs not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is vvith child by you *Launcelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?

Clowne. That is done to ſir, onely couer is the word.
Loren. Will you couer than ſir?
Clowne. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.
Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.
Clowne. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meate ſir, it ſhall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceites ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*
Loren. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that ſtand in better place,
garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
defie the matter: how cherſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How dooſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanios* wife?
Ieſſi. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
the Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
in reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomthing elſe
paund with the other, for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for wife.
Ieſſi. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?
Loren. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?
Ieſſi. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomack?
Loren. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſo mere thou ſpeakſt mong other things,
I ſhall diſgeſt it?

Ieſſi. Well, ile ſet you forth. *Exit.*
Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.
Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Antho. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to aunſwere
a ſtonie aduerſarie, an inhumaine wretch,
vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
from any dram of mercie.
Antho. I haue heard
your grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
his rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
out of his enuies reach, I doe oppoſe
my patience to his furie, and am armd
to ſuffer with a quietnes of ſpirit,
the very tiranny and rage of his.
Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.
Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.
Enter Shylocke.
Duke. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke ſo to
that thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
to the laſt houre of act, and then tis thought
thowlt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
and where thou now exacts the penalty,
vvhich is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
thou wilt not onely looſe the forfaiture,
but toucht with humaine gentlenes and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
glauncing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
that haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And pluck comiſeration of this ſtates
from braſſie boſomes and rough harts of flints,
from ſtubborne Turkes, and Tarters neuer traind

to offices of tender curteſie:
We all expect a gentle aunſwere Iewe?

Iewe. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
and by our holy Sabaoth haue I ſworne
to haue the due and forfet of my bond,
if you deny it, let the danger light
vpon your charter and your Cities freedome?
Youle aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
a weight of carrion fleſh, then to receaue
three thouſand ducats: Ile not aunſwer that?
But ſay it is my humour, is it aunſwerd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
and I be pleaſd to giue ten thouſand ducats
to haue it baind? vvhat, are you aunſwerd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge?
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat?
And others when the bagpipe ſings ith noſe,
cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Maiſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
of what it likes or loathes, now for your aunſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
vvhy he cannot abide a gaping pigge?
vvhy he a harmeleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
vvhy he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
muſt yeeld to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
as to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that *I* follow thus
a looſing ſute againſt him? are you aunſwered?

Baſſ. This is no aunſwer thou vnfeeling man,
to excuſe the current of thy cruelty?

Iewe. *I* am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers?

Baſſ. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue?

Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Euery offence is not a hate at firſt?

Iewe. What wouldſt thou haue a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Anthe.

Anth. *I* pray you think you queſtion with the *Iewe*,
you may as well goe ſtand vpon the Beach
and bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
you may as vvell vſe queſtion with the Woolfe
vvhy he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
vvhen they are fretten with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well doe any thing moſt hard
as ſeeke to ſoften that then which what's harder:
his *Iewiſh* hart? therefore *I* doe beſeech you
make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
but with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
let me haue iudgement, and the *Iewe* his will?

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats heere is ſixe?

Iewe. *If* euery ducat in ſixe thouſand ducats
vvere in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, *I* would haue my bond?

Duk. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?

Iewe. What iudgment ſhall *I* dread doing no wrong?
you haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
vvhich like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules
you vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
becauſe you bought them, ſhall *I* ſay to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heires?
vvhy ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
be ſeaſond with ſuch viands, you will aunſwer
the ſlaues are ours, ſo doe *I* aunſwer you:
The pound of fleſh which *I* demaund of him
is deerely bought, as mine and *I* will haue it:
if you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, aunſwer, ſhall I haue it?

Duke. Vpon my power *I* may diſmiſſe this Court,
vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
whom *I* haue ſent for to determine this

Come

Come heere to day?

Salerio. My Lord, heere ſtayes without
a meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?

Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Meſſenger?

Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood?

Antho. I am a tainted vveather of the flocke,
meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruite
drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?

Baſſ. Why dooſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Iewe. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?

Gratia. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
thou makſt thy knife keene: but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenеſſe
of thy ſharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?

Iewe. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gratia. O be thou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that ſoules of Animalls infuſe themſelues
into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
gouernd a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine ſlaughter
euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
and whileſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam;
infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
are vvoluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.

Iewe. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

to cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your aunſwer whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my hart: ſome three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous-conduct to this place,
meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receit of your letter I am very ſicke, but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*: *I* acquainted him with the cauſe in cõtrouerſie between the *Iew* and *Anthonio* the Merchant, wee turnd ore many bookes together, hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered vvith his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces requeſt in my ſtead. *I* beſeech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation, for *I* neuer knew ſo young a body with ſo olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

Duke. You heare the learnd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

Portia. *I* did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

Por. *I* am enformed throughly of the cauſe,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the *Iew*?

Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law

cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, doe you not.
An. I, ſo he ſayes.
Por. Doe you confeſſe the bond?
An. I doe.
Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I, tell me that.
Por. The qualitie of mercie is not ſtraind,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
vpon the place beneath: it is twiſe bleſt,
it bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His ſcepter ſhowes the force of temporall power,
the attribut to awe and maieſtie,
vvherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribut to God himſelfe;
and earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt gods
vvhen mercie ſeaſons iuſtice: therefore Iew,
though iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
that in the courſe of iuſtice, none of vs
ſhould ſee ſaluation: vve doe pray for mercy,
and that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deedes of mercie. I haue ſpoke thus much
to mittigate the iuſtice of thy plea,
vvhich if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of Venice
muſt needes giue ſentence gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
the penalty and forfaite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
yea, twiſe the ſumme, if that will not ſuffiſe,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
on forfait of my hands, my head, my hart,
if this will not ſuffiſe, it muſt appeare

that malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
wreſt once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell deuill of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
twill be recorded for a precedent,
and many an errour by the ſame example
will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniell come to iudgement: yea a Daniell.
O wiſe young Iudge how I doe honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Heere tis moſt reuerend doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke* theres thrice thy money offred thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
ſhall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
Not not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfait,
and lawfully by this the Iew may claime
a pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
neereſt the Merchants hart: be mercifull,
take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy iudge,
you know the law, your expoſition
hath beene moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
vvhereof you are a well deſeruing piller,
proceede to iudgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
there is no power in the tongue of man
to alter me, I ſtay here on my Bond.
An. Moſt hartelie I doe beſeech the Court
to giue the iudgement.
Por. Why than thus it is,
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Shy. O noble Iudge, ô excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
hath full relation to the penaltie,

vvhich heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. Tis very true: ô wiſe and vpright Iudge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew. I, his breaſt,
ſo ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his hart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo, are there ballance here to weigh the fleſh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by ſome Surgion *Shylocke* on your charge,
to ſtop his wounds, leaſt he doe bleede to death.
Iew. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt, but what of that?
Twere good you doe ſo much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.
Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; *I* am armd and well prepard,
giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, far you well,
greeue not that *I* am falne to this for you:
for heerein Fortune ſhowes her ſelfe more kind
then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill her vſe
to let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
to view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow
an age of pouertie: from which lingring pennance
of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me of.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonios* end,
ſay how I lou'd you, ſpeake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be iudge
vvhether *Baſſanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you ſhall looſe your friend
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Iew* doe cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly with all my hart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, *I* am married to a wife
which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
but life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,

are not with me eſteemd aboue thy life.
I would looſe all, I ſacrifize them all
heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thankes for that
if ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife who *I* proteſt *I* loue,
I would ſhe were in heauen, ſo ſhe could
intreate ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
the wiſh would make elſe an vnquiet houſe.
Iew. Theſe be the chriſtian husbands, *I* haue a daughter
vvould any of the ſtocke of Barrabas
had beene her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We trifle time, *I* pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame Merchants fleſh is thine,
the Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
the law alowes it, and the court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned Iudge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſome thing elſe,
this bond doth giue thee heere no iote of blood,
the words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
but in the cutting it, if thou dooſt ſhed
one drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
are by the lawes of Venice confiſcate
vnto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, ô learned Iudge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
for as thou vrgeſt iuſtice, be aſſurd
thou ſhalt haue iuſtice more then thou deſirſt.
Gra. O learned iudge, mark *Iew*, a learned iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Chriſtian goe.

Bass. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew shal haue all iustice, soft no hast,
he shall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
but iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
or lesse then a iust pound, be it but so much
as makes it light or heauy in the substance,
or the deuision of the twentith part
of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
but in the estimation of a hayre,
thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniell, a Daniell Iew,
now infidell *I* haue you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfaiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Bass. I haue it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. Hee hath refusd it in the open Court,
hee shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniell still say *I*, a second Daniell,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall *I* not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfaiture
to be so taken at thy perrill Iew.
Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it:
Ile stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry Iew,
the law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
if it be proued against an alien,
that by direct, or indirect attempts
he seeke the life of any Citizen,
the party gainst the which he doth contriue,
shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
and the offenders life lies in the mercy

of the Duke onely, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
for it appeares by manifest proceeding,
that indirectly, and directly to
thou hast contriued against the very life
of the defendant: and thou hast incurd
the danger formorly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
and yet thy wealth beeing forfait to the state,
thou hast not left the value of a cord,
therefore thou must be hangd at the states charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
for halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonios*,
the other halfe comes to the generall state,
vvhich humblenes may driue vnto a fine.
Por. I for the state, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
you take my house, when you doe take the prop
that doth sustaine my house: you take my life
vvhen you doe take the meanes whereby *I* liue.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Godsake.
Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court
to quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
the other halfe in vse, to render it
vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
that lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
he presently become a Christian:
the other, that he doe record a gift
heere in the Court of all he dies possest
vnto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deede of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deede after me,
and I will ſigne it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Shy. In chriſtning ſhalt thou haue two Godfathers,
had I beene iudge, thou ſhouldſt haue had ten more,
to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Duke. Sir I entreate you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe deſire your Grace of pardon,
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
and it is meete I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I am ſorry that your leyſure ſerues you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
for in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend
haue by your wiſedome been this day aquitted
of greeuous penalties, in lewe whereof,
three thouſand ducats due vnto the *Iew*.
wee freely cope your curtious paines withall.
An. And ſtand indebted ouer and aboue
in loue and ſeruice to you euer-more.
Por. Hee is well payd that is well ſatisfied,
and I deliuering you, am ſatisfied,
and therein doe account my ſelfe well payd,
my minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leaue.
Baſſ. Deere ſir, of force *I* muſt attempt you further,
take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
not as fee: graunt me two things I pray you,
not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe me farre, and therefore *I* wil yeeld,
giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your ſake,
and

and for your loue ile take this ring from you,
doe not draw back your hand, ile take no more,
and you in loue ſhall not denie me this?
Baſſ. This ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this?
Por. I will haue nothing elſe but onely this,
and now me thinks I haue a minde to it?
Baſſ. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
the deareſt ring in Venice will I giue you,
and finde it out by proclamation,
onely for this I pray you pardon me?
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
you taught me firſt to beg, and now me thinks
you teach me how a begger ſhould be aunſwerd.
Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
and when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vowe
that I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor looſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their gifts,
and if your wife be not a mad woman,
and know how well I haue deſeru'd this ring,
ſhe would not hold out enemy for euer
for giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Anth. My L. *Baſſanio*, let him haue the ring,
let his deſeruings and my loue withall
be valued gainſt your wiues commaundement.
Baſſ. Goe *Gratiano*, runne and ouer-take him,
giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canſt
vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſt. *Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
and in the morning early will we both
flie toward Belmont, come *Anthonio*.
Exeunt.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Iewes* houſe out, giue him this deed,
and let him ſigne it, weele away to night,
and be a day before our husbands home:
this deede will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*?

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would speake with you:
Ile see if *I* can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them too:
away, make hast, thou knowst where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will yov shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
vvhen the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
stoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night

did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
and with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Iessi. In such a night
did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
and nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
slaunder her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
my Mistres will before the breake of day
be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
by holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:
I pray you is my Maister yet returnd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
and ceremoniously let vs prepare
some welcome for the Mistres of the house. *Enter Clowne.*

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo* sola, sola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Post come from my Maister, with his horne full of good newes, my Maister will be heere ere morning sweete soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in.
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
within the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
dooth grosly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
with sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. *play Musique.*

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
which is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceaue them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus*:
let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
how farre that little candell throwes his beames,
so shines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his state
empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: musique harke.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house?

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
when neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
when euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne?
How many things by season, seasond are
to their right prayse, and true perfection:
Peace, how the moone sleepes with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe
by the bad voyce?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
which speed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming?

Por. Goe in *Nerriſſa*.
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
no note at all of our being abſent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light ſicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
ſuch as the day is when the ſunne is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
but God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Baſſ. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
it muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.

Gra. By yonder moone I ſweare you doe me wrong,
infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
ſince you doe take it Loue ſo much at hart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that ſhe did giue me, whoſe poſie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the poſie or the valew:
You ſwore to me when I did giue you,

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it ſhould lie with you in your graue,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you ſhould haue beene reſpectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: no Gods my Iudge
the Clarke will nere weare haire ons face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerriſſa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
no higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my hart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
to part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
a thing ſtuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him ſweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands:
I dare be ſworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world maiſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*
you giue your wife too vnkind a cauſe of griefe,
and twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
and ſweare I loſt the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his ring away
vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeede
deſeru'd it too: and then the boy his Clarke
that tooke ſome paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor maiſter would take ought
but the two rings.

Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen ſo voyd is your falſe hart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
vntill *I* ſee the ring ?

Ner. Nor I in yours
till I againe ſee mine ?

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
if you did know to whom I gaue the ring,
if you did know for whom *I* gaue the ring,
and would conceaue for what *I* gaue the ring,
and how vnwillingly I left the ring,
vvhen naught would be accepted but the ring,
you would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure ?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the ring,
or halfe her worthines that gaue the ring,
or your owne honour to containe the ring,
you would not then haue parted with the ring :
vvhat man is there ſo much vnreaſonable
if you had pleaſd to haue defended it
vvith any termes of zeale: wanted the modeſty
to vrge the thing held as a ceremonie :
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeue,
ile die for't, but ſome woman had the ring ?

Baſſ. No by my honour Madam, by my ſoule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
vvhich did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denie him,
and ſufferd him to goe diſpleaſd away,
euen he that had held vp the very life
of my deere friend. What ſhould *I* ſay ſweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and curteſie,
my honour would not let ingratitude
ſo much beſmere it : pardon me good Lady,
for by theſe bleſſed candels of the night,
had you been there, I think you would haue begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor ?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my houſe

ſince he hath got the iewell that I loued,
and that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
no, not my body, nor my husbands bed :
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
if you doe not, if I be left alone,
now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
ile haue that Doctor for mine bedfellow.

Nerriſſa. And I his Clark : therefore be well aduiſd
how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well doe you ſo : let not me take him then,
for if I doe, ile mar the young Clarks pen.

Anth. I am th'vnhappy ſubiect of theſe quarrells.

Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
and in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
vvherein I ſee my ſelfe.

Por. Marke you but that ?
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe :
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
and there's an oath of credite.

Baſſ. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
vvhich but for him that had your husbands ring
had quite miſcaried. *I* dare be bound againe,
my ſoule vpon the forfet, that your Lord
vvill neuer more breake faith aduiſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety : giue him this,
and bid him keepe it better then the other.

Antho. Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſweare to keepe this ring.

Baſſ. By heauen it is the ſame I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him : pardon me *Baſſanio*,

for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Nerriſſa. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
for that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
in liew of this, laſt night did lie with me.

Grati. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer where the way'es are faire enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it.

Por. Speake not ſo groſly, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leaſure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
there you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
ſhall witnes I ſet foorth as ſoone as you,
and euen but now returnd: *I* haue not yet
enterd my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in ſtore for you
than you éxſpect: vnſeale this letter ſoone,
there you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chaunced on this letter.

Antho. *I* am dumb?

Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and *I* knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. *I* but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.

Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
vvhen *I* am abſent then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for heere *I* reade for certaine that my ſhips
are ſafely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
my Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you.

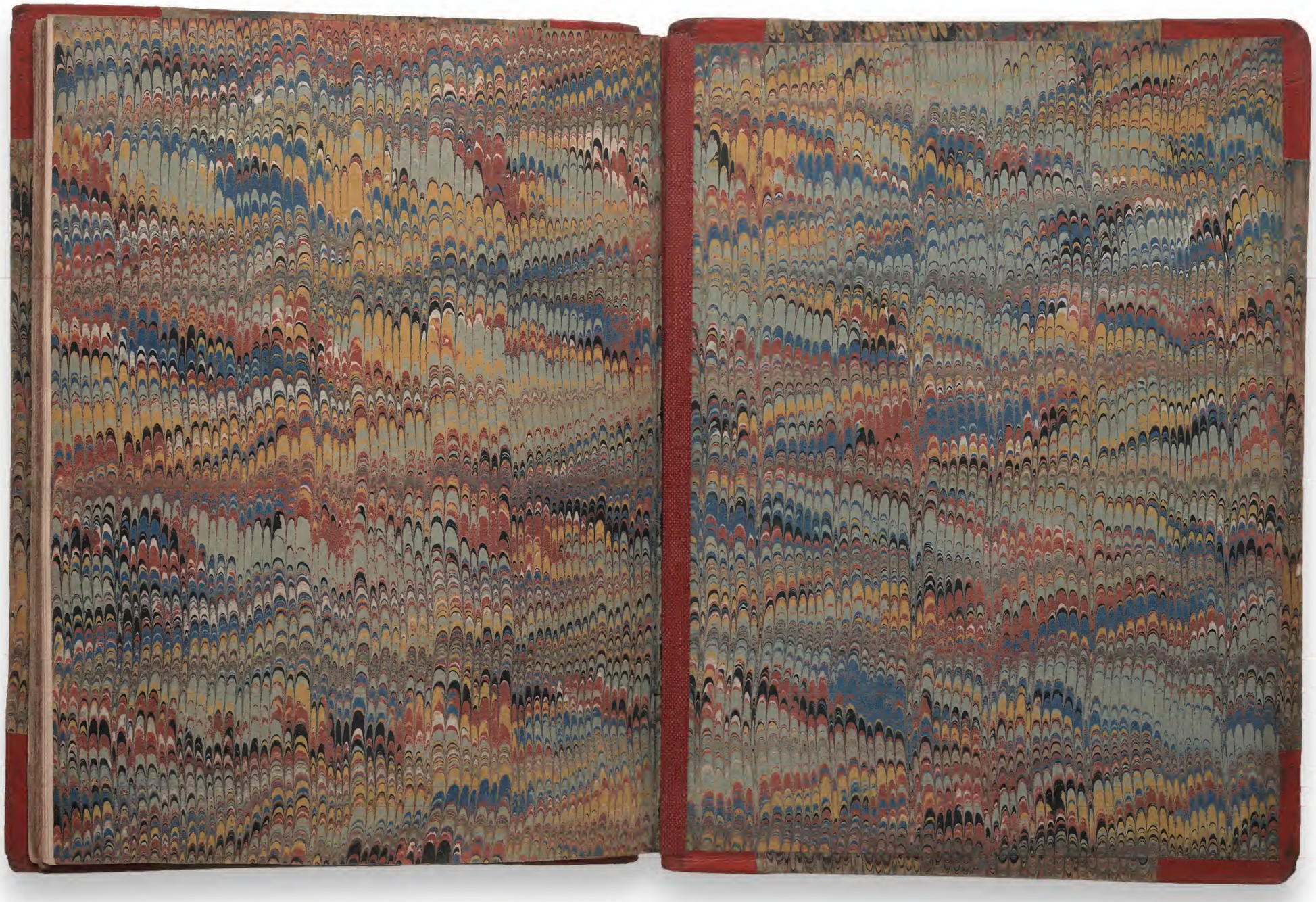
Ner *I*, and ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe *I* giue to you and *Ieſſica*
from the rich Iewe, a ſpeciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies poſſeſt of.

Loren.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of ſtarued people.

Por. *It* is almoſt morning,
and yet *I* am ſure you are not ſatisfied
of theſe euents at full. Let vs goe in,
and charge vs there vpon intergotories,
and we will aunſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergotory
that my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
vvhether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
or goe to bed now being two houres to day:
But were the day come, *I* ſhould wiſh it darke
till *I* were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while *I* liue, ile feare no other thing
ſo ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* ring.

Exeunt.

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